

When Frost meets Fire

by captain-of-this-ship

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Summary: A modern AU where Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third is a seventeen year old boy, bullied at school for being different, but when a new kid comes into town, a white haired, blue eyed boy roughly the same age, his life was about to change... but will be it changed for the better? ((Jack x Hiccup))

1. Chapter 1

****Well Hello there!****

****If you happen to stumble upon this here fic, I do hope you enjoy it!**

**>I do actually hope you enjoy it, it's my first time uploading something and i'm super nervous.
Super nervous.**

>Anyway, you know, reviews and stuff would be awesome, and whoever reads this and likes it I love you okay okay good.

*** * ***

**><p>Walking in a winter wonderland was probably the biggest understatement of the year. Hiccup, the auburn haired, green eyed, skinny as a stick teenage boy walked through what he thought was a world of pure imagination, fantasy even, but yet it was all as real as day and night. From the snow covered tree tops to the iced over lakes and rivers, everything seemed soâ€| well, magical.
Sooner or later though the boy did snap out of his daydream, and realised he was not fifty meters from something he dreaded more than being bullied. The place that he was bullied. School.**

**>It stood there unnerving, uncaring, and worst of all, unmoving. It was completely hidden by the forest that had grown around it, but once you neared the clearing of the building, it stuck out like a wart. It was disgusting. The old building towered over its students like a giant. A sad, depressing giant that ripped everything Hiccup believed in away.
And what did the Viking decedent believe in? Imagination, fun and acceptance.**

>What did Deepdene High School believe in? Being strict, stay in line, and do not have fun. At all.. If they caught you drawing in your notebooks in school hours, detention. If they caught you daydreaming, detention. If they caught you laughing in class, detention.
Why does Hiccup go there? Because it was the only school where he lived. It's been the only one on Berk for more than anyone cared to remember, and the rules have stayed the same as well.

Hiccup sighed, rolled back his shoulders and pressed on towards the school with little more than a grim look in his eyes. The closer he came to the school, the more he realised people were crowding around something, or someone. It normally tended to be something though, maybe a dead bird, or cat. Hiccup contemplated whether he should near the crowd, or just go on his not so merry way. Hiccup held his breath and shook his head, cursing himself for wanting to find out what everyone was looking at. After all, he was a curious fellow. As Hiccup did near, not daring to push through the human wall, he stood on his toes and looked over the hoard of people to see it was actually a someone, rather than a something. The someone was a male. A boy about his age, seventeen, with white, feathery hair and piercing blue eyes. Everyone was finding him fascinating, well, not everyone if you included Hiccup.

Hiccup did watch the new kid for a while though. He seemed charming and witty, and Hiccup definitely knew he would be one of the 'popular' people. After all, if you get this many people crowding around you on the first day, you're kind of bound to end up in group of populars.

>Hiccup sighed once more and turned away from the group of crowding kids, and as he walked away towards the gates of hell, which were actually the doors to inside of the school, someone called out his name.
"Hey Hiccup! You saw the new kid yet? Way cooler than you'll ever be"

>Hiccup cringed, but kept on walking, not bothering to fight with anyone at the moment, especially if it would make a fool out of him in front of the new guy.
No one said anything afterwards, the deed was done. Yet another insult to add onto his ever growing list. The new kid was way cooler then he would ever be.

>And the kid that called those words out? Well those words could have never rung truer.<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat in class now. He had put his backpack in his locker and it was nearly already lunch. He just had to get through this period of school and he could go sit and be alone, like usual, but it was better than being stuck in maths class with twenty or so other students who picked on him. Hiccup pulled on his hair just to keep him awake, and to stop his incredible urge to draw in his notebook. The five minutes left of class felt like five hours, but finally, the bells did ring, and the class ran out like a pack of wolves, hungry and ready to devour, both sandwich and Hiccup a like. It took Hiccup a year or so to find the perfect hiding place, away from everyone, just so he could have an hour or so alone, besides in his own home, without anyone making him feel worthless and useless.
Hiccup was the last to leave the class, and the first to actually hand in the work.

>"Thank you Hiccup" The teacher said in a monotone voice, her face as blank as a plain sheet of paper.<p>

At least he got good grades.

When Hiccup neared his locker, to not surprisingly find it plastered with notes saying how he was a 'loser' or a 'dork', he sighed and opened it, grabbing out a tuna sandwich and placing his books in before closing it once more, not even bothering to rip off the signs declaring what apparently he was.

>Hiccup walked as discreetly as he could towards his lunch spot, behind the school's bike shed. He passed the popular group, and as he did, he heard the familiar sounds of name calling at his expense. Stupidly enough, he made eye contact with who had shouted out the names, and he internally groaned as the bullies eyes opened wide, as if to say you dare look me in the eye.
"Who said you could look at me?" The tough boy asked, standing up menacingly.

>Hiccup sighed a tired, worn out sigh and replied;
"No one Snoutlout"

>"Hey only my friends call me that. And you are certainly not a friend" Snoutlout sneered, walking forward.
Hiccup looked over at the group, wondering if anyone was going to stop him, which of course no one did. No one ever does. He noticed the white haired boy sitting with them, but instead of not paying attention to what was about to happen to Hiccup, he actuallyâ€| was.

>"Look here tin foot, I'm going to pound your face in so hard that you'll-â€|"
Hiccup looked down at his foot and winced, knowing that a lot of his bullying came from having that stupid fake leg.

>"That he'll what?" An unfamiliar voice spoke up.
Hiccup ripped his eyes away from his foot, to see the new boy talking, actually standing up for Hiccup.

>"That he'll never be able to see again!" Snotlout finished triumphantly, clenching his hand into a fist, reading to punch Hiccup in the face.
Not that Hiccup wasn't used to it of course, he just would rather not being punched in the face on a weekly bases.

>"Or you could just sit back down" The white haired boy suggested, his gaze bitter and icy, Hiccup even thought he could feel the coldness from it.
"Why?"

>"Because wouldn't you rather save your fist for a later day when he actually does something besides look at you?"
Hiccup stared at the new kid in awe, not only because he was standing up for the scrawny kid, but also because he actually managed to stop Snoutlout from punching him.

>"Fine Jack. Only because you're the new kid and I'm going to be nice on your first day"<p>

Snotlout turned back to Hiccup, and Hiccup could feel the sickening warmth of his breath of Snotlout on his face.

"Just this once fish bone, next time, you won't be so lucky" He hissed, turning back to his group.

>Hiccup stood there for a moment or two, and then started to walk towards where he normally sat; like he planned to about ten minutes ago before the whole punching him in the face thing came to be.
Hiccup this time though, again made eye contact with someone in the group, but, with the right person. With Jack.

>Hiccup mouthed a 'thank you' before walking off, but didn't look away to not see Jack wink in reply.
"Maybe the new kid wasn't so bad after all"â€| Hiccup whispered to himself as he finally sat down behind the bike shed.

>"Not so bad at all"<p>

2. Chapter 2

School had ended for the week, and Hiccup hoisted his backpack onto his shoulders, pulling over his fur lined hood to protect him from the cold shortly afterwards. His chocolate brown hoodie and dark green cargo pants hid him well as he walked through the forest back to his house, so he usually wasn't bullied outside of school. Usually. Before walking any further from school, he had taken out his sketch book, so that he could draw the beautiful surroundings that he walked in earlier this morning, after all, he was quite the artist. It was also usual that he wouldn't return home straight away. The boy would normally go find a quite spot in the forest and sit there. It normally happened to be near a lake, and this time, as he finally made it towards his other usual spot that was not located on school grounds, he came to find it had frozen over. Hiccup grinned as he hopped down the small hill, and sat with his back propped up against a rock a little further away from the hill, his legs straight out in front of him, and his sketch book balancing on his thighs. >This was his most favourite part of the day, were the sun wasn't down, but it wasn't up either. It was just perfect to catch the rays of light glistening off each frost covered leaf, each tiny speck of snow. It was like sitting in a field of diamonds, cold, wet diamonds.<p>

As Hiccup did start to draw however, when he glanced up to see the lake, he noticed someone walking down the same hill he had hopped down shortly ago. The white haired boy Jack. Hiccup gasped, but made no sudden movements, as if the snow had frozen his body. Thankfully, Jack had not noticed him, so Hiccup watched with interest in what he would do.

>Jack stepped to the lakes frozen edge, and stopped with his hands in the pockets of his own blue hoodie. Frost had formed on the hoodie at some parts, but it wasn't that unusual for clothes to do that here on Berk. Hiccup leaned forward slightly, his eyes narrowing, as if to get a better view of what Jack would do next.
What he did do next was surprising. Jack kicked off his black converses, and then stood on the ice with bare feet_. _It was an accomplishment just to kick off converses, out of all the shoes, but to stand on the ice _bare feet?! _Well that was just plain gobsmacking. As Jack started to walk further and further into the middle of the frozen lake, it was just Hiccups luck to have to sneeze. He did hold in the sneeze for a good three minutes, but eventually the boy had to let it out.

>From where Jack was staring, which was the ice of the lake, he whipped his head around, wide eyed and startled.
Hiccup stared back, not knowing what to do. And they both stared at each other like that for a very long while, until Hiccup decided to say something.

>"Hiâ€¦ I'm Hiccupâ€¦ and thank you for not letting me get punched in the face todayâ€¦"
_What a way to start a conversation. Not getting punched in the face, _thought Hiccup, who wanted to punch is own face for the stupid comment.

>Jacks whole body relaxed and a soft smile crept up on his lips.
"That's alright, I didn't exactly want to watch someone get beat up over nothing on my first dayâ€¦" Jack replied a little awkwardly, not daring to move.

>Hiccup tapped his fingers against his sketch book, not knowing what else to say.
"Can I ask you a question?" He blurted out, wanting yet again to punch himself.

>Jack raised an eyebrow and nodded.
"Well you just did, but okay"

Hiccup smiled weakly at the cocky remark_.

>"Why are you bare feet?"

>Jack must have been caught off guard by the question, since he looked down at his feet. He lifted one up and wriggled his toes, smiling a little more.
"Wellâ€¦ Iâ€¦ umâ€¦ it's hard to explainâ€¦"

>"Oh no, if you don't want to answer that's fine!" Hiccup quickly tried to take back, feeling more awkward than ever before.
"Thanksâ€¦ because I really would rather notâ€¦ not that it has anything to do with you of course it's just thatâ€¦ well like I said it's very hard to explain andâ€¦"

>"Really, you don't need to explain anything to me. Though I mean it's not like I'm going to tell anyone. I don't have any friends anyway. Save my catâ€¦"
Jack laughed and nodded, then walked back to put on his shoes, which didn't slip back on as fast as he had thrown them off.

>"Can I ask you a question?" Jack suddenly asked as he tied his shoelaces, his blue eyes looking up at Hiccups green ones across the icy.
"You just did but okay" Hiccup then grinned, breaking the ice so to say.

>Jack chuckled, caught out by his own come back.
"Why is your name Hiccup?"

>Hiccup sighed. He already sort of knew Jack would probably ask that.
"It's not actually Hiccup. It's Henry, but ever since year seven when people found out my Dad calledâ€¦ well, _calls, _ me that, everyone themselves has called me that too. Even the teachers. So that's why I go by that name. You get used to it after a whileâ€¦" Hiccup explained, looking down at his hands.

>"Well I like it. It's kind of fitting really. And it's cute" Jack concluded, nodding in self-satisfaction before he started to walk towards Hiccup.
"What do you mean fittingâ€¦ and what do you mean _cute_?!" Hiccup replied back a little annoyed .

>"Well your small, your always very quiet, and it's a surprise when you actually speak up. You're exactly like a hiccup, you don't know your there until you surprisingly say something!"
Hiccup looked at him with no amusement playing on his face, not like Jack's anyway.

>"Thank you for summing that up" He muttered, looking back to his sketch book to close it before Jack neared.
Jack shook his head as he did near Hiccup, deciding to sit down next to him. He nudged Hiccups arm with his own.

>"Well my name is Jack, and it's nice to meet you Hiccup" Jack informed, grinning a brilliant grin, his teeth as white as the snow around them.
Hiccup smiled half-heartedly back, looking down at his sketch book.

>"Well it's nice to meet someone who doesn't want punch my face in" Hiccup said blandly.
"I do mean it though Jack. You have no idea how many times that Snotlout has punched me. Last week my eye was as purple as a grape. It really was. So thank you"

>Jack didn't reply. He just looked at Hiccup with a hint of sadness in his eye.
"I don't really know you that well Hiccup, hell I've just met you, but I can tell you really hate school don't youâ€¦"

And once again Hiccup sighed and looked Jack straight in the eyes.

>"Jack, you have no idea how much I hate that school. No idea at

all"
"I don't need an idea if I can already see it right in front of me"

>Hiccup then looked away, knowing what he meant. Jack could probably see how much Hiccup hated school, with both his body language and emotions that played across his face.
"I just want people to leave me alone. I've done nothing wrong by them"

>Jack nodded, taking in every word, or, he would have if Hiccup didn't stand up so abruptly.
"It's getting late and I need to go home. I guess I'll see you on Monday or somethingâ€|" Hiccup said quietly.

>Hiccup stood there for about three more seconds until he pointed his finger slightly, inclining that he was walking this way, and then headed off, back up the small hill, and back to wherever he lived.
Jack didn't say anything, just watched Hiccup leave. He was going to leave himself, until he noticed something on the ground.

>It was a leather bound sketchbook. Hiccups sketch book. Jack smiled as he picked it up and placed it under his armpit, whilst he put his hands back in the pocket of his hoodie.
And to tell you the truth, he couldn't wait to give the boy back his sketch book. He couldn't wait one little bit.

3. Chapter 3

Half way back home, Hiccup decided to run home. He couldn't get two things out of his mind. The first thing, was why Jack was walking on the ice in bare feet, the second thing, Jack himself. What was it that Hiccup found so, what's the wordâ€| interesting?

>Hiccup didn't know, but he halted to a stop as he found himself in front of his house.
Hiccup was the son of the Mayor of Berk, Stoick Haddock. It was another reason why Hiccup got bullied, because he had to live up to the expectation of Stoick. He had been Mayor of the town for seventeen years, and no one has voted for anyone else but him since. Everyone had the high hopes of Hiccup being the next mayor, since he was born just as Stoick was elected, but as time went on, Stoick, not to mention the rest of Berk, could see he was just not cut out for it.

>Not that Hiccup really cared though, but it would have been a lot easier on him if he didn't have to live up to his father.<p>

Hiccup stared at his house for a while, taking in the familiar detail of his house for the millionth time. From the white picket fence, to the small cobble stone path, walled by rose bushes, from the wooden floor of the porch, to the oak carved entrance that was known as a door.

>Hiccup pushed the small white gate open with a squeak, and he tensed slightly, hoping he wouldn't alert anyone around, which he didn't anyway. As Hiccup walked up the path, up the three or four stairs onto the porch, and into his house, which had been already unlocked by his father, Hiccup quickly made a dash for his room, wanting nothing more than not to speak with Stoick.
As Hiccup ran towards his room, he noticed that his father was busy at the kitchen table, scribbling down what looked like something important. No dinner for Hiccup tonight, or else he would actually have to talk. Hiccup finally made it into his room, and as he did so, heard a faint 'click' as the door closed shut. Hiccup leaned the back of his head against the door, and closed his eyes, before hearing another small noise, this time, a mewling sound.

>"Toothless?" Hiccup whispered, opening his eyes, then to narrow them

to find where the noise had come from.
All of a sudden, a pitch black cat, with the sleekest green eyes anyone has probably ever seen jumped onto Hiccups double bed, sitting happily awaiting the pets from his master.

>"Hey there bud" Hiccup smiled softly, dumping his backpack down next to his chair and walking to the bed, scratching the cat behind the ears when he arrived.
"How you been?"

>Of course, no replies Hiccup could understand, but the cat did meow, rubbing up against Hiccups arm.
"Hang on, I'll be back, just let me get my sketchbook" he said to the cat, who waited patiently as Hiccup slid off his bed, reaching for his bag.

>At first Hiccup just took a quick glance, expecting the book to be there. But it wasn't. The boy then decided to tip the backpacks contents out, and yet, still no book.
Hiccup blinked a couple of times, trying to figure out what had happened to it.

>Then he realised, and as he did, Hiccup's blood ran cold.
"I left itâ€| and nowâ€| now Jack might have it andâ€| Oh god Toothless what am I going to do" Hiccup wailed, sitting in a slump on the floor, his books cluttered around him in a messy circle.

>Toothless mewed sympathetically and jumped down from the bed, rubbing and purring against Hiccup.
Hiccup on the other hand, was concocting in his paranoid mind that Jack would now judge Hiccup, show everyone his drawings, and make fun of him.

>Hiccup was so close to making a friend, and now one careless mistake had just unravelled it all.
Or so he thought, anyway.

* * *

><p>Hiccup groaned, realising he had forgotten to turn off his alarm. After last night's complete melt down about how Jack probably had his sketch book, he decided to go to bed. Toothless was curled up in a small ball of fur, tucked into the crook of Hiccups arm. With his other arm, Hiccup leaned over and smashed the clock, hoping it would turn it off. It did.<p>

Though Hiccup would have liked to stay in bed most of the day, he really would have, but fate had other plans for the scrawny teenager.

>"Get up Hic, someone's at the door" His Father called from the bottom of the stairs, his voice loud enough to be heard even behind closed doors.
"What do you mean someone's at the door?!" Hiccup yelled back.

>"I don't know they just said they are here to see you!"
Hiccup groaned and rolled out of bed, careful not to crush Toothless underneath him.

>He didn't bother getting changed or fixing his bed hair, after all, it was probably no one important.
The boy was sorely mistaken.

>After rolling out of bed and walking as slow as the dead down the stairs, Hiccup opened the door, and blinked sleepily, taking in who stood there.
The boy with white hair.

Hiccup blinked and stood up a little straighter, hoping to god his clothes didn't look too bad, after all, he hadn't changed out of what he was wearing last night, save for taking of his jacket, which then underneath it he wore a green long sleeve.

>"Hey there Hiccupâ€|" Jack greeted warmly.
"Hi Jack hiâ€| hi" Hiccup greeted back quickly and awkwardly, trying to fix his hair.

>"Wait how do you know where I live? Wait never mind never mind what

are you doing here?" Hiccup asked, to many questions forming in his head.
Jack just laughed and pulled out something from his pockets from his hoodie, which also looked as if he had not changed it from yesterday.

>"I have my ways, and I do believe this is yours" Jack answered, passing the leather bound sketch book back to Hiccup.
Hiccup took it from Jack, restraining himself from snatching it and running back upstairs, never wanting to see another human face again.
>"And I admit, I did have a look at it. You are a really good artist, you know that Hiccup?" Jack complimented, sliding his hands back into the pocket of his hoodie, a usual position he normally stood in.
"Waitâ€| you're not going to make fun of me?"
>"Why would I do that?"
"I don't knowâ€| maybe because everyone else does andâ€|" Hiccup trailed off; suddenly embarrassed that he did think Jack would make fun of him.
>"I'm sorry Jack. I guess it's just second nature to think like that for meâ€|" Hiccup sighed, looking away from him.
"Your shout"

>Hiccup frowned and looked back up, a little confused.<p>

"What?"

>"Coffee, your shout, to return the favour of me bringing back your sketch bookâ€| and thinking I would make fun of you"
Hiccup smiled and nodded.

>"Alright, justâ€| just wait here and let me get ready to look a little more decent"
Jack nodded and watched Hiccup run up the stairs.

>As Hiccup did run up, a small smile crept upon his lips. For once in his life, he was invited to go out with someone that didn't have it out for him. For once in his life, he had made a friend.<p>

4. Chapter 4

I know it's been a while since I uploaded a new chapter, but you know, it's the holiday season, things to do people to see... urgh

>Anyway, thank you everyone who favourited and reviewed the story so far! It means a hell of a lot to me
And I'm so sorry the chapters are so short

>I just can't write long ones

apparantly
Ihavenoideawhyyouareactually readingitanyway

>Butiloveyou<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup raced back down the stairs, his footsteps could be heard from the kitchen, hence why Stoick had yelled to him to keep it down.<p>

"Ready?" Jack asked, raising an eyebrow.

>Hiccup nodded and strode out with Jack, closing the front door quietly behind him.
"Nice house you got thereâ€| not that I went in. But it looksâ€| quaint" Jack said, looking around the front yard of Hiccups home.

>Hiccup chuckled a little, smiling at Jack.
"Sure, whatever you say. Anyway, where do you live? Since you know where my house is I'd kinda like to know where yours isâ€|" Hiccup replied as he then opened the white gate, and onto the side path of his street.

>"Not far from here actually. A few blocks away. I'll show you later if you'd like"
"Yeah, yeah alright I would like thatâ€¦ and also, please tell me how you actually found my house?"
>Jack chuckled, shaking his head.
"Well, all I did was ask someone if they knew where a certain 'Hiccup' lived. And I didn't expect to learn that you're the mayor's son whilst I was at it either"

>Hiccup rolled his eyes, letting out a sigh.
"Yeah, but I don't live up to the expectation, as you can already see. And I don't start planning to as well"

"What do you mean you don't live up to the expectation?"
>Hiccup looked down at his feet, watching them move one in front of the other as the two teenagers walked forward.<p>

"And why are we going this way? There is a coffee shop not even five minutes the other way, I even passed it as I was heading over to yoursâ€¦?" Jack stated, pulling to a stop.

Hiccup didn't want to tell Jack anything, but he felt as if he had no choiceâ€¦ besides it would be kind of rude anyway.

>The auburn haired boy turned to Jack and gestured to himself.
"Look at me! My dad's all muscles and he can get things done without anyone having a problem with it, everyone loves him and respects him, and then there is me, and I'm all scrawny with no muscle, I can hardly even walk through the gates of school without messing something up, and not only that, this stupid metal foot isn't really helping me either, and most people don't respect me, you've seen how people treat me at school! " Hiccup raved on.

>It seemed Hiccup wasn't full of rage or anger when he spoke either; it was more sorrow and sadness, with a of self-doubt in the mix.
"And we are going this way because the group of people you were sitting with yesterday always go to the one down the road. I am not running into them. Not with you especially. I'll ruin your reputation in a heartbeat"

Jacks own eyes held pity, or maybe even empathy as Hiccup spoke. The white haired boy then walked towards Hiccup, wrapping a friendly arm around Hiccups neck.

>Jack didn't say anything either, he didn't need too. Jack's presence was strangely just enough for Hiccup to calm down.
"I've never had a friend before Jack" Hiccup whispered, looking down at his feet again.

>Jack strengthened his grip around Hiccup just a little tighter, and smiled sympathetically.
"Wellâ€¦ besides my cat. But he doesn't really count in what I mean"

>Jack chuckled and gave Hiccup one last squeeze before he let go.
"Come on Hiccup, let's go get that coffee, we don't have to go to the one down the road, okay?"

Hiccup let out a small sigh of relief, glad Jack didn't make him go to the coffee shop where those barbarians, also known as Snotlout and his friends, usually hung out on the weekendsâ€¦ and any other time they were all free.

"Thanks Jack. Maybe one day, but for now, I just want to go the one I'm thinking about. Besides the guy knows me, we can get coffees for a two for one deal"

>Jack just laughed again as they both started to walk ahead once more.<p>

* * *

><p>It took a good half an hour for both Hiccup and Jack to arrive at the coffee shop, well, forty five minutes because of the slight limp Hiccup had because of his prosthetic leg. As Jack and Hiccup stood out front of the caf  , Jack looked up at the sign, and raised an eyebrow in interest.
"The Forge? Interesting name for a caf  " Jack mentioned, sticking his hands into the pockets of his hoodie.

>"Yeah, he used to be a black smith, or well, he used to work with a lot of metal until he retired, well, half retired, he still wanted to run a business so he changed from metal to coffee. His real names George, but we just call him Gobber. Long story. Good family friend though, he is the only person who has almost seen my dad cry" Hiccup explained as he opened the door to the inside of the caf  .
Jack was nodding his head, taking in what Hiccup was saying.

>"Mornin' Hiccup!" A hearty, loud greeting called out from the coffee machine at the back of the room behind a smooth, black granite counter, right next to a long, clear cabinet filled with cakes and other assortments.
"Mornin' Gobber" Hiccup chirped back with a toothy smile.

>The caf   inside was quite   interesting to say the least. Not only Gobber had worked with metal, and still did in his spare time, he was also a collector. Swords, shields, axes, tapestries, anything of the sort, especially from the Norse era hung from the walls of the caf  . Solid oak tables and chairs were strewn across the inside, and a couple of customers sipping unknown liquids in huge wooden tankards. To say the least, it definitely had a Viking feel to it.
Hiccup half guided Jack to where the voice was coming from. When they did near, a bald, burly man in probably his late forties, early fifties with a long, ratty moustache that knotted near the ends popped up from behind the machine, a mostly toothless grin plastered on his face.

"Oh I see you got a new friend, well, an actual friend" Gobber joked, scratching the stub on his left arm, which he had lost many years ago, which was also a long story, as Hiccup would say.

Hiccup rolled his eyes and sat down at the counter on a large stool, his legs dangling slightly.

Jack got up to sit next to him on a stool to his right, his own legs being able to reach the bar the connected onto the stool legs for your own feet to rest upon.

>"Little short aren't you" Jack said, nudging Hiccup playfully.
"First Gobber now you, I can never escape it" Hiccup muttered, but not being able to help himself from smiling.

>"So, what would you two like today, eh?" Gobber asked, now attaching a metal prosthetic, that none other than himself had made, for him to be able to hold cups and plates to serve and wash with.
"Just my usual for this here Hiccup Gobber"

>"And you   ur  "
Jack realised he, or rather Hiccup, hadn't introduced him, so he held out his hand for Gobber to shake after he attached his prosthetic, which he did do soon afterwards.

>"The names Jack, Jack Frost. And I'd like an ice coffee if you don't mind"
Hiccup frowned. The name rang a bell, and not just because the actual person was sitting right next to him. He had heard that name before, but no idea how or where   or when. And then he realised that the boy had ordered an ice coffee, so the thought of

trying to remember where he had heard the name Jack Frost came from completely vanished.

As his father did say, Hiccup had the attention span of a sparrow.

>"An ice coffee? On a day like today? Actually, on any day living here on Berk? Do you know how cold it is? Your crazy" Hiccup exclaimed, not being able to comprehend why Jack would order something soâ€¦ so cold.

Jack slapped Hiccup on the back all in good jest, shaking his head slightly.

"Each to their own Hiccup"

>Hiccup shook his own head, giving up on figuring out the white haired boy.<p>

"Besides it tastes good!"

"I highly doubt that, but whatever you say"

>Jack and Hiccup both then laughed, and both then smiled.<p>

It was good for Hiccup to finally have someone to talk to besides an old black smith, his own father, and a black feline. Hiccup, the more and more he talked, or was even near the teenage boy, he felt as if he had known him for his whole life, and more.

>And in the back of Hiccups imaginative, but anxious mind, was the name Jack Frost, hidden and tucked away, and with it the memories of that exact boy he used to remember.<p>

5. Chapter 5

****Hey everyone!****

****It's a little longer this chapter, and probably one of my favourites****

****becauseiknowwhatbothjackandh iccuparethinkingmwhahaha****

****but really it's starting to get good in my head so bare with me****

****i still don't know why you guys like this so much but I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH**

**>THOSE REVIEWS MAKE MY DAY **

****anyway yes so love you guys and enjoy ~****

*** * ***

><p>Fire. Everywhere. Eating at the walls, the ceiling, the floor.

_Everything Hiccup owned, loved, cherished, completely vanished into piles of ash. _

The smoke was becoming thick, and Hiccup could hardly breathe, let alone keep conscious. Toothless, his cat, and best friend, hid inside the hood of Hiccups brown fur lined jacket.

_Stoick couldn't reach his son, the stairs had totally collapsed, trapping Hiccup inside his room.
>The boy clutched his throat, the moisture evaporating from the inside of it.

He fell slowly to the ground, coughing and choking, and then the last thing Hiccup saw, was the roof collapsing on top of him.

Normally a dream ends if the person dies, or something along those lines. But this wasn't a dream, it was a nightmare, and with this certain nightmare, that never happened.

_Hiccup blinked, he was outside, lying in the cold snow. His vision was blurry, but he could see his house burning down to the ground, with mostly everything inside of it. Which could have included him.

—

He then felt a hand in his, and before Hiccup could see who this person was, and potentially who his saviour was, everything went dark once more, and that was when the dream ended.

* * *

><p>Hiccup popped his eyes open, staying completely still, as if the snow he was lying on in his dream had frozen his body in place. He was breathing deeply and cold sweat dripped down from his brow.<p>

"I haven't had that dream in a long time!" Hiccup whispered to himself.

It was true, he had not had that dream for two and a half years. It was after his house burnt down, instead of waking up in the snow, he awoke in hospitable.

Hiccup was fifteen when his house crashed and burned, so to say, and he didn't exactly come out of it unscathed. Half of his leg had been torn clean away, the doctors had no idea what had made such a clean cut, or how he escaped in the first place, but they didn't press it any further, since they also diagnosed Hiccup with minor amnesia.

Not that Hiccup thought he forgot anything important, but then again, he couldn't exactly remember what he forgot either.

Toothless butted Hiccup with his head, sensing something was wrong. Hiccup then smiled grimly, patting the feline's soft fur. When he was fifteen, he had continuously gotten that dream for a good six or seven months, and then all of a sudden it stopped.

It wasn't so much of why Hiccup had gotten the dream again, it was why he had gotten it now.

And to tell his dad would mean going back to the therapist once again.

>And Hiccup was not going back there. Not now not ever.<p>

"I have to tell someone Toothless, but who?" He now whispered to the

cat, which seemed to stare back at him with his large green eyes.

Then his own eyes went wide, and his head snapped towards the clock on his bedside table.

Two am it read.

>Hiccup contemplated in his mind whether or not to call Jack, but then decided to text him. He was also sure he was going to regret this.<p>

Snatching up his phone, ripping it from the charger on the floor, Hiccup quickly scrolled to Jack's number, which wasn't hard to find, since he only had his father's, Gobbers, and now Jack's number in it.

Still breathing deeply, Hiccup started to text, hoping that one, Jack would read the text and help him, and two, hoping that Jack wouldn't get angry at it being so early in the morning.

After all, he had only met the white haired boy a couple of days ago, but right now that was the last thing on Hiccup's mind.

****Hey Jack,****

****Look I know you're probably going to get ****

****really angry at me and I don't blame you, ****

****But I just need someone to talk to, so like, ****

****You know, call me or text me back or somethingâ€|****

****I don't know ****

****Thanks, ****

****Hiccup****

Hiccup also had no idea how to form a text. Was it formal? Or casual? Well he didn't really care either, Hiccup just sat up in his bed with a long, old shirt on which he used for sleeping in, and some long checked flannelette pants that were also way too long for him, so long in fact that they slipped right over his feet.

>With one hand holding his phone, hoping it would vibrate, or ring, or just something, the other one had its fingers in his mouth, chewing on the nails slightly.
What was Hiccup going to tell Jack? That he had a nightmare and would just like someone with him? Just to talk to someone even though he hardly knows him though he feels as if he has known him for his whole life? Hiccup had to admit, he didn't exactly think this through, but the deed was done, and now he just waited for probably a scolding from the white haired boy.

*** * ***

><p>It had been ten minutes, and still nothing. Though that was a short amount of time, Hiccup gave up and placed his phone down on his bedside table next to his clock, and slunk back down under the covers.<p>

And as soon as he closed his eyes, a slight tapping could be heard, something was tapping on what Hiccup thought was his window.

And he was right.

>The boy sat up, accidentally making Toothless jump off his stomach in surprise, to see Jack tapping lightly with his knuckles on his window.<p>

Hiccups mouth was largely agape, not believing what he saw, but he did scramble from his bed, then to realise he hadn't put his false leg on, falling to the floor. Hiccup saw Jack grit his teeth and cringe at Hiccups fall, and Hiccup then avoided eye contact, feeling around for the darn leg.

When finally finding it and attaching the stupid thing, Hiccup leapt up to open the windows for Jack who was patiently waiting. Jack was sitting high up, and high up as in level height with Hiccups window, of an old tree that had grown next to it. The long branches sometimes would scrape against the window on windy nights, which didn't do many favours for Hiccup and his imagination either.

"Jack?!" Hiccup hissed, coming across more surprised than angry.

Hiccup leaned out the window, his hands gripping the windowsill.

"Jack what are you doing here?! I didn't mean for you to come!"

Jack shrugged and walked across the long branch that touched the walls of the house with ease, and gracefully side stepped into Hiccups room.

>Hiccup was shaking his head furiously, and turned to Jack who was now sitting on his bed, his eyes full of worry.
"Andâ€¦ and get a shirt on! First you come here at two am in the morning, and shirtless no less! Your impossible to figure out!" Hiccup fumed, making sure his voice was loud enough for Jack to hear, but quiet enough as to not wake his father.

Hiccup did have to admit to himself though, that Jack wasn't a bad looking young manâ€¦ actually he was quite good looking. Very good looking. He had a lean body, not to be confused with scrawny like himself, lean but muscular, you could slightly see his abs forming on his stomach. Jack also had very pale skin, with no scars, stitches, blemishes, nothing. And the more he looked at Jack, the more he felt drawn to him once again.

The auburn haired boy swallowed snapped out from his thoughts, walking to his wardrobe to rummage through it, yanking out a shirt that he thought would fit him.

"Here put this on" Hiccup whispered a little harshly to Jack, throwing the clothing at him whilst he was at it.

"No thank you" Jack whispered back, throwing the shirt back at Hiccup.

Hiccup then threw the shirt right back at Jack. He couldn't talk to Jack whilst he was half naked! The boy's face would burn bright red if he kept on looking at his perfectly sculptured body.

>"Please Jack just put it on" Hiccup pleaded, a slightly pained look on his face.<p>

Jack sighed, but abided and slipped the shirt on. It seemed to fit well enough.

"So what did you want to talk about?" Jack asked as Hiccup sat next to him on the bed.

>Hiccup fumbled with his hands. He didn't expect Jack to come to his house, let alone even answering his text or calling.
"Wellâ€¦ well first off I want to ask why you actually came to my house. You could have calledâ€¦ or just texted!"

Jack shrugged his shoulders once more, smiling lopsidedly.

"If a friends in trouble or needs me I'm not just going to text or call them. They should be talking in person"

>"Even so, shirtless? Really?!"<p>

Jack then laughed, now grinning instead of smiling.

>"Well I was in a rush! I don't have time to put on shirts if someone's in trouble"
"You could have frozen over"

"I highly doubt thatâ€¦" Jack muttered. "But even so, running here kept me warm"

Hiccup huffed, shaking his head once more.

"Of course you ran. Of course you did."

"Are you going to tell me what's wrong or not"

"Okay Okay Okay"

Hiccup swallowed and closed his eyes. He hadn't really told anyone much about the dream when he first got it, and now that it had come back, he really didn't know what to say, but he did anyway.

He told Jack of his dream, the fire, the smoke, of the last thing he saw was the roof collapsing on him. He then told Jack of how in real life, he found himself in hospitable, and of how the doctors had diagnosed him with minor amnesia.

Jack was nodding his head, every so often moving slightly closer to Hiccup, which Hiccup did not seem to notice.

>"And here is the strange bit. Normally when you either pass out or fall unconscious you wake up in a dream straight away right?" Hiccup asked Jack, still not realising how close Jack had exactly gotten.<p>

Jack nodded, not speaking a word.

"Yeah well I didn't, and don't wake up from it. In fact I wake up in the dream. And I'm in the snow, and someone's holding my hand, but when I go to look at them, that's when I wake up. I don't know why that happens andâ€¦" Hiccup trailed off as he saw Jack with tears in his eyes.

Hiccup frowned, a little confused at Jack's emotions.

"Jackâ€| Jack are you alright? Why are you crying?"

Jack looked down at his hands, to then wipe at his eyes.
>"â€|It's justâ€| it's just so sad what happened to you
Hic"<p>

Hiccup breathed in as soon as Jack had called him that. Yet another vaguely familiar thing Jack had spoken. But why was Jack crying? It wasn't that sad, was it?

"It'sâ€| it's alright Jackâ€| I'm not dead! Only my leg isâ€| but that's it!"

Jack sniffled, not looking at Hiccup.
>"I wishâ€| I wish I could have done something moreâ€|"<p>

"You didn't know me then Jack! You couldn't have done anything if you didn't know me!"

"It's all my faultâ€|"

"Jack what are you talking about?!"

Jack looked up at Hiccup, pain and sadness all across his face, and in his eyes.

"Nâ€|nothing Hiccup. I'm just an over dramatic person. I know you're alrightâ€|"

Hiccup smiled solemnly, spreading his arms a little.

"Want a hug?"

Hiccup was surprised at himself for asking that, but it was too late to take it back, because Jack wrapped his arms around Hiccups waist tightly.
>Hiccups eyes widened at how cold Jack was, but he wrapped his own arms around the white haired boy anyway.
"God your freezing Jack. I told you that you would freeze over!" Hiccup chuckled slightly, his eyes drooping slightly, and yawning as they did so.
>Jack laughed slightly, muffled by Hiccups shirt, but held on as tight as ever.<p>

Hiccup was going to say that he needed to sleep, and that Jack should go home, but to tell you the truth, he didn't have the heart to.

So that's how the both fell asleep

In each other's arms.

6. Chapter 6

Hey everyone! Another day, another chapter...

A little shorter this time... again. Urgh I really suck at writing long chapters

**but then again i did write this at 1 am in the morning
so...**

****And I was going to write it in Jack's point of view but then I realized it would give right away what I'm hinting at****

****AND I LIKE WATCHING YOU ALL SQUIRM****

****No but really hope you enjoy it!****

****Love you all,****

****Captain ~****

*** * ***

><p>Hiccup fluttered his eyes open, the morning sun blinding him just that little bit. He lay still, gathering his bearings, as most people did when they have just awoken. When finally opening his eyes, and being able to hold them open for more than a second, he found strong arms wrapped around his stomach. Instead of freaking out he didn't. He felt relaxed and calm and, well, he felt safe.<p>

Hiccup was wide awake by now, but the white haired boy was sound asleep. He knew he had to get up soon, or else Toothless would start wailing, wanting his breakfast of canned tuna fish.

Hiccup also wanted to wake Jack up because of this, but he still didn't have the heart too. After all, the boy did come at two am just to listen to his dream. Hiccup had managed to twist himself around, so now his face was facing Jack's sleeping one.

Hiccup then realised Jack still felt cold, even with a thick feather stuffed doona on top of them, but paid little attention to that, because that's when his nose twitched in frustration. Jack took his shirt off again.

>Why did he take it off? Hiccup had no idea, but the thought of having Jack holding him shirtless was well it was strange to say the least.<p>

Hiccup didn't mind Jack holding him when he thought he had a shirt on, but what would happen if his father came in, not that he would, but it was just the thought that counted. And not that Hiccup cared what his father thought, about relationships anyway. Love was love to Hiccup, no matter what gender you were... but it still made the boy a little uncomfortable.

The auburn haired boy did start to become restless though, and he finally decided to wake up Jack.

"Jack wake up" Hiccup whispered, poking his cheek since his arms had been squished against his chest by Jack's own one.

Blue eyes met Hiccup's as soon as he spoke and poked. A tired smile then appeared on Jack's face to then be followed by a yawn.

>"Morning Hiccup. Did you sleep well?" He asked in a most caring voice.<p>

"I did thank you Jack" Hiccup replied, not daring to mention that he had also felt a little safer in his arms.

"Why did you wake me up anyway? It's a Sunday morning for god sakes"

"Well you did have your arms around me very tightly, and I have to feed Toothless soon anyway or else he will start crying and my dad will yell at me" Hiccup then explained. "And put a shirt onâ€| again would you?"

Jack laughed quietly and twisted around, blindly feeling for Hiccups shirt he had given him, that then had been chucked carelessly onto the floor.

Hiccup muttered something under his breath before getting up, realising he had fallen asleep with his leg for the umpteenth time.

"Dammit I always forget" Hiccup sighed as he stretched his arms.

"Forgot what?"

"Taking off my leg. It gets sore if I leave it on for too long. That's why I don't sleep with it" Hiccup replied walking slowly towards the door.

"You can either stay here or come down stairs with me. I don't care what dad will think to be honest. I doubt he will even take into account you're here. He hardly even takes into account _I'm _here"

Jack nodded, pulling on the shirt once more and jumped off the bed, walking out of Hiccups room, and down the stairs towards the kitchen, where Hiccup saw Toothless waiting patiently.

"So you still have that catâ€|" Jack whispered a little too loudly to himself.

"What?" Hiccup asked, frowning as he opened the fridge for a cold can of tuna.

"Oh nothing" Jack waved off, heading to sit down at the table, watching Hiccup feed his cat.

As Hiccup scraped the remaining tuna out of the can with a fork, with Toothless already starting to eat the rancid stuff, Hiccup looked up, to see Jack staring back with the same soft smile upon his lips when he had woken up this morning. He then blushed and looked away, not really knowing why.

>"Jack stop staring at meâ€| it's weirdâ€|"
That was a lie. It wasn't weird. Hiccup had a weird feeling if that's what he meant. Hiccup wanted to say Jack stop staring at me, your making me _feel _weird. And it was a good weird at that. But the boy was battling with himself, so he didn't really know how or what to feel of it.

"Ohâ€| sorryâ€| I was just daydreaming about stuff. Anyway so what do you want to do today? I say a good old fashion snow ball fight, but whatever you want will be good enough for me"

Hiccup frowned, and then widened his eyes, running to the lounge room

window, dropping the tuna can whilst he was at it.

Hiccup then pressed his face against the glass, gasping at what he saw. It had snowed again! Hiccup loved the snow, he had no idea why, but he did. It might have been because you didn't have to go to school if it had snowed way too much, which then it was called a 'snow day', or just the fact it was beautiful.

"I vote snowball fight. All in favour say 'I'" Hiccup yelled from the lounge room to the kitchen.

>Hiccup then heard a chair scraping against polished wood, and light footsteps running down the hallway.<p>

"I!" Jack laughed, already half way out the door by the time he said it.

"Wait for me Jack!"

* * *

><p>Hiccup had gotten dressed so quickly he was positive it had been a world record. With his favourite chocolate brown, fur lined hoodie, dark green pants and fur lined boots, or, boot, he raced down the stairs, forgetting all about his sleeping father, and zoomed out the door, ready to start a snow ball fight.<p>

Too bad as soon as he came out of the door Jack had already made his snowball stash and hit him hard with one.

Hiccup staggered, clearing the frozen water from his face.

"Oh your so on" Hiccup laughed, scooping up a handful of snow, and molding it into a lumpy ball to then lob it at Jack, who barely missed.

Grinning, Jack threw another one, dead on target.

>"You'll never beat me!"<p>

"I beg to differ!"

* * *

><p>It went on like that for many hours, throughout the town of Berk. Early in the morning, they started on Hiccups front yard, until late in the evening they finished up in only god knows where. With huge, but tired grins on the faces, and snow in their hair, they both called it a draw, though they both thought that themselves had won. The fight had also shown a side of Jack Hiccup had never seen before, not that he could have since he only had met him, what, two, three days ago? But Hiccup couldn't help but feel happy and have fun when Jack was like that. Hiccup was sure even if he tried, he couldn't be upset if Jack wanted to have another round of snowball fights.<p>

In which he would win of course.

"Where are we exactly?" Jack asked, lying down on the crunchy, snow covered ground.

Hiccup decided to lie down above Jack, his head opposite to Jacks, both of them looking up to the sky.

The sun was setting, so the battle had gone on for most of the day, save for getting lunch.

"Pretty sure we are in the forest surrounding the school. Don't worry we can get back, I'll figure out a way" Hiccup replied, closing his eyes, letting the coldness of the snow seep into his back, whilst the warmth of the dimming sun warmed his face.

Jack didn't reply in words, just nodded his head slightly.

"Today was fun, don't you think Hiccup?" The white haired boy asked, reaching his arm behind his head to pull on Hiccups hair gently.

Hiccup laughed, batting Jacks hand off his hair.

"Yesâ€¦ yes it was Jack. I haven't had a good snow ball fight in years. My dad stopped playing with me after... the fire..."

Both of the teenagers became silent after Hiccups comment, not really knowing what to say.

"Well come on then, we better get home. School tomorrow"

Hiccup then groaned, not bothering to move. He didn't want to move. He didn't want it to be school either.

"I don't want it to be school tomorrow Jack. Why couldn't it have just snowed tomorrow instead, then school may have been cancelled" Hiccup whined in reply.

Jack sighed and stood over Hiccup, extending his arm for Hiccup to reach.

Hiccup did grab it, and Jack lifted him up with ease. Hiccup brushed the snow off of himself, still muttering how he did not want it to be school the next day.

"Don't worry Hiccup, no one's going to punch you in the face"

Hiccup snorted, putting his hands in the pockets of his hoodie.

"No, they will just spread some more rumours, plaster my locker with false accusations written on scraps of paper, and trip me over every chance they get. And that will be just Monday"

The once happy and bubbly Hiccup had suddenly turned into a bitter and foul mood one.

"You really hate school don't you?"

"You really have no idea"

"You just got to ignore it Hic"

There it was, the nickname again, and the strange feeling. It was something he couldn't quite place, someone on the tip of his tongue but couldn't find words or thoughts for it. And it bothered him not being able to.

"It's hard if they have done it all your life"

Jack sighed and nudged his head away from Hiccup, indicating that they should probably head off.

"Well it's true"

Jack looked at Hiccup with sad eyes once more, shaking his head.

"I know Hiccup! I Know"

7. Chapter 7

I hope you guys are not getting used to this frequent chapter updates

Because I can be really active with writing and then never touch it for like a week

... :D

But anyway hope you like this chapter because the next few ones are gonna be a little boring and slow (i think anyway)

because I am building up to probably THE BEST THING I HAVE THOUGHT OF EVER I CANT WAIT TO WRITE IT AOKSIUSH

ITS GONNA BE SO AWESOME YOUR ALL GONNA FREAK

but anway enjoy!

Love you,

Captain ~

* * *

><p>It was only after they had arrived back, after a few more hours of trying to find their way out of the forest, that Jack asked to stay the night once more.<p>

At first Hiccup refused, but Jack begged him, saying he was sick and tired of staying home alone all the time.

Which then Hiccup then felt a little bad for him. It was true, Jack was always home alone. When the white haired boy showed Hiccup his house, Jack explained that he was always home alone, with his guardian, not his real father, somewhere off in the North Pole for a reason Hiccup could not remember, since he was in awe of how big and beautiful the old mansion was he wasn't exactly listening to Jack explain.

"Okay. Okay okay okay you can stay. One more night" Hiccup sighed, shaking his head as he opened the door to his house.

Jack lit up, grinning as he followed Hiccup into his house.

"On one condition"

Jack narrowed his eyes, smiling a sly smile.

"And what would that be Hic?

Hiccups eye twitched slightly at the nickname.

"You keep your shirt on"

Jack then laughed in reply, shaking his head.

"No promises my friend" Jack chuckled, slapping Hiccup on the back lightly.

Hiccup made an unamused face before climbing up the stairs, and back into his room.

"I'm going to have a showerâ€¦ you go andâ€¦ do what you like. Just don't come in. Or you'll have to deal with allâ€¦ this" Hiccup threatened, flexing his non-existent muscles.

Jack just laughed once more, and waited for Hiccup to grab his pyjamas before heading into the bedroom, whilst Hiccup headed to the bathroom.

* * *

><p>Hiccup stood under the shower head, letting the warm water drip off his skin. He looked at himself, his small hands, scrawny arms, thin stomach, stringy legs. He was far from attractive in his eyes. Jack on the other handâ€¦ Jack was everything Hiccup wanted to be.<p>

He wanted to be confident; he wanted to be that lean but muscular type of guy, who was already popular on the first day arriving somewhere new, like school, he wanted to be asâ€¦ well as good looking as him too.

He wanted to be the kind of guy he never would be. It was also a theory that he had made up in his head, why he was so drawn to the white haired boy. It could be because Jack was everything he wasn't, and he was both jealous and in awe of him.

Hiccup reached for the soap, scrubbing it up and down his body, getting rid of the dirt that somehow made it upon his skin. He then wondered if maybe Jack would want a shower, and if he should grab a towel out for the teenager.

Hiccup decided to at least ask the boy if he wanted one as he pushed aside the shower curtain, and reached for a white, fluffy towel, drying himself before wrapping the towel around his hips, covering the lower half of his body.

He then looked in the mirror to study his face. His hair was completely drenched, and he swept it back into some sort of eighties combed-over hair style to get a better look at his face.

Murky green eyes, with his face exploding with freckles. A slightly pushed up, button nose and a gapped tooth smile.

Hiccup really didn't like himself.

The boy then turned around to get dressed, bending down to grab his night shirt and pants before returning to his bedroom

But they were nowhere in sight.

Looking frantically everywhere around the bathroom, he still couldn't find them, and he swore he had brought the clothes with him.

Opening the bathroom door slightly, he yelled across from it, to his room for Jack to find his pyjamas.

>No reply.<p>

He called Jacks name, but still nothing.

"Godammit" Hiccup cursed under his breath swinging the door open and gripping onto the top of the towel, praying it wouldn't fall down.

Waddling to the bedroom, he realised Jack must have closed the door, hence why he didn't reply.

>Hiccup didn't bother knocking, he was already annoyed.
When he opened the door, not caring if Jack was getting changed or not, not that he would have been, his eyes scanned the room to find his clothes, and right now he wished he made Jack go home.

Before he could even ask Jack what had happened to his pyjamas, a wolf whistle sounded from Jacks own lips, winking as he did so.

"Oh shut up. You seen my pyjamas?"

Jack shook his head, a huge grin now upon his lips.

"The dripping wet look suits you Hiccup, you should wear it more often" Jack teased, swinging left and right on Hiccups swivel chair for his desk.

Hiccup shot Jack an icy glance, and then finally found his pyjamas as he did so.

They had been stuffed under his pillow somehow, and with one hand on his towel, the other yanked them out of their hiding place, and waddled back out of his room.

>"If you did that Jack it was not funny at all!" Hiccup hissed loudly, hopping around as he tried to pull the pants onto himself.<p>

"Yes it was!" Jack called back, with Hiccup hearing him chuckle to himself.

"So you did do it!"

"I never said that!"

Hiccup growled in annoyance as he slipped on his nightshirt and hung up his towel, making his way back to his room once more.

"You suck you know that Jack" Hiccup muttered, taking up his sketch book from his desk before lying on his bed, underneath the

doona.

Jack just shrugged and jumped up from the chair, sitting cross legged at the end of Hiccups bed.

"Do you want a shower anyway?"

Jack shook his head in reply, not really caring if he had a shower or not. He had clean clothes onâ€¦ well, clean-ish. _

"What you' doing?" Jack asked, curious to what Hiccup was going to doâ€¦ or draw.

>"Drawing. I need to get it finished before my next art class. Which is tomorrow" Hiccup replied bluntly, tapping the end of his pencil on his chin.<p>

"But what to drawâ€¦"

Jack then suddenly sprawled himself out on Hiccups bed, and since it was a double bed; Jack did have the room, and then made himself lie in a most erotic position.

"Draw me like one of your French girls" Jack whispered in an overly sexy voice, pulling off even more erotic face.

Hiccup pulled out a pillow from behind him and threw it at Jack, then laughing shortly afterwards, blushing just that little bit.

"I'm not doing something from Titanic you idiot. Especially that"

All Jack did was laugh a warm, hearty laugh, which made Hiccup feel as warm as the laugh sounded.

"Well then what are you going to do. I still think you should draw me thoughâ€¦"

"Okay then"

"Waitâ€¦ what?"

"Okay I'll draw you"

It seemed Hiccup had taken the white haired boy aback, since he seemed so compliant to draw him.

"Wellâ€¦ well how do you want me to pose? Do you want me to pose? Why do you want to draw me anyway?" Jack asked quickly, not knowing how to react.

Hiccup just smiled and pulled his knees closer to his chest, so he could lean the sketch book onto them as he drew.

"No you don't need to do anything just yet, but I will tell you when I need you to do somethingâ€¦ which is probably smile. And I have nothing else to do, so why not draw you?"

Jack smiled, probably the brightest and happiest smile Hiccup had even seen on the boy's face. And secretly, Hiccup was glad he was the one to make him smile so.

* * *

><p>It took many hours to draw Jack. Hiccup kept on mumbling to himself how hard it was to draw Jack's hair, especially the multiple spikes and flicks. Jack in return kept complaining how his jaw and mouth hurt from smiling so much, but Hiccup didn't really pay heed to it. But finally, after those many hours, Hiccup finally finished, at about twelve in the morning.<p>

"Okayâ€| done!" Hiccup sung, turning around his sketch book for Jack to see.

After all it was him Hiccup was drawing.

Jack held his breath, taking in the detail Hiccup had managed to draw. He had flicked through Hiccups drawings before he gave back the book. Many dragons, mythical creatures, Vikings and weaponry Hiccup had drawn, but never a person, or at least Jack had never seen a drawing of a person Hiccup had drawn.

Leaning forward, Jack reached for the drawing slowly, taking it from Hiccups hands and into his.

"It'sâ€| its really good Hiccupâ€| really, really good" Jack whispered, now realising it must have been hard to draw his hair, since he was sure that Hiccup had drawn every single strand that was upon his head.

Hiccup looked away and rubbed the back of his neck, his cheeks growing as red as roses again.

"You think so?"

Jack nodded, handing the book back as slowly as he had taken it.

"I would give it to you, but I need it to be marked, so when it is I'll give it to you then" Hiccup added, placing the sketch book onto his bed side table next to his clock.

"Thank you Hiccup"

Hiccup smiled in reply before yawning, stretching his arms up high.

"Well it's probably time to hit the hay, so goodnight Jack. Sweet dreams"

Hiccup twisted himself around onto his side to turn off the lamp beside him, and snuggled down to go to sleep.

Before he did do so, Jack wriggled under the doona next to him, and managed to wrap his arms around Hiccup just like last night, and with a shirt on too.

Hiccup half wanted to pull himself away, and half wanted to stay in the arms of the freezing teen, the warmth of him and the covers mixing with the coolness of the boy gave Hiccup a strange, pleasant sensation.

As Hiccup was just about to nod off for the night, Jack reached his head over his own, Jack's lips lightly grazing over Hiccup's ear.

"Sweet dreams to you too, Hic"

And just like that, Hiccup felt his heart beat a little faster, and a small smile creep up on his tired, but content face. He didn't know what was happening. But he liked it.

8. Chapter 8

****Three Chapters in one day****

****You guys better be appreciating this. ****

****I know this chapter is a reallllllly reaaaaaaalllly boring one but I had to put it in or else the next couple of chapters wouldn't connect. ****

****My chapters are still short as well. .it.****

****Besides its gonna get really good after this one... or so I think. ****

****I hope so. ****

****Anyway yes so enjoy if you possibly can because it's just so boring****

****but you know****

****Love you, ****

****Captain ~****

*** * ***

><p>Hiccup groaned out of frustration. His alarm went off, which only meant one thing.<p>

School.

Feeling around for the clock and hitting the snooze button, he sighed, glad it was off.

>Jack still had a tight grip on Hiccup, once again, and Hiccup swivelled around to face Jackâ€| once again.<p>

He seemed so vulnerable and so innocent when he was sleeping; it was kind of cuteâ€|

"Wake up Jack" Hiccup whispered, not wanting to sound harsh.

Jack mumbled, hiding his face away into the pillow he slept on.

"Five more minutes" Jack said, his voice muffled by the pillow.

"Five minutes will turn into ten, ten minutes will turn into twenty, come on, get up"

Jack groaned, but didn't let go of Hiccup either way.

"Jackâ€¦ come on, seriously"

"Noâ€¦ stayâ€¦ five more minutesâ€¦" Jack whined, pulling Hiccup closer.

Hiccup sighed and pried away Jack's interlocked fingers around his waist, rolling off the bed before Jack could grab him again.

"Up. Now"

Jack groaned again, but lifted his head to the side and looked at Hiccup tiredly and slightly annoyed.

"Let's just wag. You hate school, I don't want to goâ€¦ and it's not like you don't want too anyway"

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Get up for school Jack. We are going"

As Hiccup rummaged through his closet for some fresh clothes to wear, Hiccup wanted to take up Jack's offer on wagging. Normally he wouldn't do such a thing, but he thought wagging school with Jack would probably be fun.

>But then common sense kicked in, and Hiccup decided against it in the end.<p>

When he finally found a clean shirt and some pants, which didn't look much different from his dark green cargo pants he usually wore, they were in fact still cargo pants, just a lighter colour green, Hiccup turned around to see Jack had dozed back to sleep.

"Up!" Hiccup yelled, kicking Jack with his false leg by accident.

Hiccup had yet again fallen asleep with his false leg. It seemed not to have provided any pain recently as he did so, which was a little strange.

"Heyâ€¦ that seriously hurt! You didn't have to kick me with _that _foot!"

"Oh god I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to kick you with that footâ€¦" Hiccup quickly apologised, rushing towards Jack who now sat up, cradling his leg.

Hiccup sat on the edge of the bed; rolling Jack's pant leg up, to see what damage he had inflicted on the white haired boy.

A bruise had started to form.

"Oh god oh god oh god I really am sorry" Hiccup sobbed, immediately regretting kicking him, especially with that foot.

"Hey it's alright Hiccupâ€¦ besides I'm up now" Jack replied smiling,

rolling back down the pants and standing up to stretch.

Hiccup nodded, glad Jack wasn't angry.

"Do you need any fresh clothes Jack?" Hiccup asked before walking to the bathroom to get changed.

"Nah, I'm right. I'll be in the kitchen if you need me" Jack replied back, heading to walk down the stairs.

Hiccup noticed through a bruise had formed; Jack wasn't limping, which was of course a good thing. Maybe Hiccup didn't kick him as hard as he thought he had.

>"Can you feed Toothless whilst you're there?"<p>

"Yeah I can try"

>Hiccup smiled as he closed the door to the bathroom, and looked himself in the mirror like he usually did every morning.<p>

Though he had combed his hair back after his shower, it would always fall back to the same shape, a lopsided fringe and at the back of his head it would flick up at the end. It was the only hair style that ever suited him, and it was the only thing he actually liked about himself.

After pulling on his pants and shirt, and grabbing his school bag, sketch book and jacket from his room, Hiccup headed down stairs where Jack was waiting in the kitchen.

"You feed Toothless?" Hiccup asked, dumping his bag onto the kitchen table to stuff in his sketchbook.

"Yep" Jack replied back, looking at his nails as if it was no big dealâ€| which it wasn't anyway.

Hiccup just rolled his eyes and hoisted the bag onto his shoulders, ready to head outside. Hiccup didn't really feel like eating breakfast anyway, in fact, he hardly ever ate it anyway.

"Come on, hell is awaiting"

Jack chuckled and walked up to Hiccup, in which then they both started to walk to the front door.

"Ladies first" Jack mocked, opening the front door, bowing slightly.

"You're an idiot" Hiccup replied back, smiling as he shook his head.

Jack was smiling as he closed the door, and they both headed towards what one of them hated, and what the other one just couldn't be bothered going to.

High School.

* * *

><p>It was first period of the day, art class. It seemed that Jack was in Hiccups class, which was strange since he hadn't been in any

classes last Friday, but then again, he was the new kid, so he was probably having a tour of the school. After all, it is the only High School on Berk, so it's pretty big.<p>

The art teacher was cruel to most people, except for Hiccup. Hiccup was the only one in the class that could draw, so as long as he arrived on time to class, he wouldn't bother Hiccup for the whole day, unless of course he needed to collect work.

"Mr Haddock, have you got your homework with you?" The teacher asked in a nasally, high pitched voice.

Hiccup nodded in reply, opening his sketch book to show the teacher his sketch of Jack, who was sitting next to him sketching what appeared to be a snowflake with the utmost detail and precision.

"Very good Mr Haddock very good indeed!" The teacher praised, walking away from the two teenagers to go bother someone else.

"You can have the drawing now" Hiccup said to Jack, who was busy drawing his snowflake.

"Hey that'sâ€| that's really goodâ€| you didn't tell me you could draw!" Hiccup exclaimed, looking at the drawing.

It was beautiful, with so much detail Hiccup swore the snowflake was a black and white photo it was that good.

"It's not my best oneâ€| but I'm glad you like it! Hey, let's swap?" Jack asked, handing Hiccup his drawing.

Hiccup nodded and ripped the drawing of Jack from his note book, handing it to Jack, as Jack handed him the sketch of the snowflake.

"Thanks Jack" Hiccup smiled, studying the snowflake.

Jack then looked at Hiccup with a sincere smile.

"No, thank you"

* * *

><p>And that's how the day went, two periods of Art class followed by two periods of English, and two free after lunch, which strangely Jack's time table was exactly the same.<p>

Hiccup had asked Jack why that was, because he had to admit it couldn't have been coincidence, but Jack had no idea, so Hiccup didn't press it any further. It wasn't like he was complaining either.

He actually had a rather good day at school for once, since mostly everyone was away for some sort of sport competition, which meant Snotlout and his group had gone away for it, leaving Hiccup at school without being bullied.

Which was more than good. It was great. Fantastic. Wonderful. Absolutely awesome in Hiccups books.

He had morning and lunch breaks without getting teased, and not only that, he had a friend to sit with. He had Jack.

"Today has been a good day" Hiccup declared, munching on a tuna and cheese sandwich.

"Really? Why's that?" Jack asked, throwing an apple up and down, catching it with the same hand over and over.

"Because not many students are here, especially Snoutlout and such, I'm not getting bullied, and I'm actually sitting with someone in class and at lunch" Hiccup explained, licking his lips after the last bite he took of his lunch.

Jack smiled and looked down, knowing who that person sitting with Hiccup was. It was himself of course.

"I'll take your offer up on wagging school as well"

"Only because we have two free periods" Jack replied back, now munching on the apple.

>"Yeah well there is no point sticking around. Already got my bag, and you don't need to grab anything before we go, do you?"<p>

Jack shook his head, being unable to reply because of the apple in his mouth.

>"Good, come on, let's go" Hiccup said as he stood up, putting the bag on his back once more.<p>

He extended his arm for Jack to grab, and Jack's cool hand met his, and with most of his strength, which was hardly anything mind you, Hiccup lifted Jack up on his feet.

"Do we have to come to school tomorrow Hiccup" Jack asked a little tiredly as they started to walk out of the school grounds.

Hiccup just rolled his eyes at Jack again.

"Yes Jack, yes we do"

"Can I stay over again Hiccup"

"For the last time no. You've stayed at mine for two days; you haven't even changed out of your clothes. Do you know how gross that is?!"

"I'll bring over some clothes! Come on Hiccup please, besides you owe me, you kicked me in the shin with that metal foot, you have no idea how much it hurt. You even gave me a bruise"

Hiccup let out an annoyed sigh, knowing he was going to regret saying yes to the boy, but Hiccup was a softy at heart.

"Fine. Fine. I don't even care anymore. Move in for all I care"

"Really?!"

"Sure why not. Tomorrow you would just probably ask to stay over

again, and then the next day you would ask, and then the next, and so on" Hiccup mumbled, looking forward as he did so.

It wasn't that he didn't like Jack staying over, he did. He liked it a lot. It was just that it felt a little strange, well; Jack made him feel a little strange. His stomach would roil and heart would beat just that little bit faster every time Jack held Hiccup, and it felt so familiar he swore he had done it before with the boy, it was like a massive dose of adrenaline every time Jack would do something like that, hold him, or call him Hic.

Hiccup could see the excitement on Jack's face, and the boy was genuinely excited to be able to stay overnight every night.

"You better not snore or take your shirt off or so help me I will throw you out the window"

Jack was just grinning, his eyes alight with glee.

"Oh Hiccup, I wouldn't even dream of it. "

And that was all Hiccup needed to hear.

9. Chapter 9

****FINALLY I CAN SHARE WITH YOU WHAT HAS BEEN BUILDING UP IN MY MIND FOR FAR TO LONG****

****ENJOY****

**** - CAPTAIN ****

*** * ***

><p>Jack and Hiccup stood at Hiccup's locker, taking down the notes and scrubbing off marker that called him horrible names.
"I'm not even surprised Jack" Hiccup muttered, ripping up the paper.

It had been a few days since he said yes for Jack to 'move in' with him, and this day had been interesting to say the least. It had been easier to wake Jack up though, and Hiccup made sure he didn't kick him in the shin with his false foot again.

On the way to school, Hiccup tripped twice, had a pile of snow fall on top of him that dropped down from a pine branch, which then he managed to get hit in the face with it, and that was only in one hour. At school, he fell down the stairs, spilt the paint in art class, and tripped over once again.

Hiccup knew it wasn't going to be a good day.

And on top of that? Snotlout and his group were back.

At least school had ended until tomorrow.

Jack sighed, hating that people treated Hiccup like this. Hiccup didn't really care anymore to tell you the truth. Now he had Jack, he just didn't care or so he thought anyway.

"Hey Hiccup, heard what happened to you today, no wonder no one likes you. I bet Jack's just hanging out with you because he feels sorry for you" A teenager with long, blond hair, an even more pushed up nose than hiccups, and a sleazy grin called out, then laughing at what he said.

"Okay Tuffnut whatever you say" Hiccup muttered, half hoping the twin heard it, half hoping he didn't.

"What was that Hiccup? We couldn't hear you!" Now a teenage girl said with long plats that knotted at the ends either side of her head with a petite, pointed nose, who was smirking a toothy smirk.

"Nothing" Hiccup yelled back, ripping up the last pieces of paper.

The twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut always put more fuel on the fire so to speak, especially if Snotlout was around, or they knew he was coming.

Just what Hiccup needed.

"Aw, doesn't Hiccup like what we put on his locker?" Snoutlout cooed, his eyes full of bitter amusement, coming up behind the twins.

"No not really" Hiccup sighed, now opening the locker, to see hundreds of other notes and scrunched up paper bits inside of it, each with words of hatred written upon them.

Hiccup closed his eyes and breathed, not wanting to cry, not in front of the twins, not in front of Snotlout and definitely not in front of Jack.

"Come on Jack, come hang out with us, you've already been around this loser for too long"

"No thank you Snotlout, I think I'll stay with Hiccup for the time being"

Snotlout frowned, obviously not expecting Jack's reply.

"Jack go with them, before they start bullying you!" Hiccup whispered, pushing him lightly towards the group.

"Why would you want to hang out with him, when you could hang out with usâ€¦ unlessâ€¦"

"Are you guys likeâ€¦ _together _or something" Snotlout called out, his eyes laughing menacingly.

Hiccup nearly choke on his own tongue.

Before Hiccup could call out any retaliation, Jack looked at Hiccup dead in the eye and whispered;

"Don't worry Hiccup, just follow my lead"

Jack cleared his throat and shrugged his shoulders, taking up Hiccup's hand.

Hiccup wanted to pull away, but he couldn't. It was like his body had become limp.

"So what if we are?"

* * *

><p>Hiccup nearly screeched. What was Jack doing?! They were not together, Hiccup hardly knew him, so what in god's name was Jack doing?!<p>

Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut on the other hand, stood their speechless at Jack's cool and collected comment.
>"Looks like you caught us out. Hiccup and I have been going out for years, I just could never get into this school until recently. Hiccup didn't want to say anything, but I guess I have now. Do you have a problem with this?" Jack went on, folding his arms and looking Snotlout dead in the eye.<p>

"Because if you doâ€¦"

"No! No no! We have no problem! I'll justâ€¦ we'll justâ€¦ leave you two guysâ€¦ aloneâ€¦" Snotlout replied quickly, walking away with the twins as quickly as he spoke.

Hiccup was breathing heavily, not knowing what to think. Jack turned to Hiccup with a pleased look on his face.

"What. Do you think. You are doing" Hiccup roared, pulling his hands away, to then pull on the ends of his hoodie.

Jack stepped back placing his hands up as if to say calm down.

>"Don't worry Hiccup, we are not really going out, we just have to pretend. No one's going to bother you now, trust me"<p>

"What do you mean we just have to pretend?!" Hiccup fumed, becoming angry at what Jack had done.

"Just hold hands, cuddle, a few pecks on the cheek, nothing more! They will never know and they will certainly leave you alone, especially if I am around"

Hiccup had no idea how to feel. He leaned against another locker, and slowly slid down it, his face in his hands.

He had never been in a relationship, never kissed a girl, or a guy, never even thought about itâ€¦ until right now.

"Jack I don't know how to deal with thisâ€¦" Hiccup whispered into his hands, still trying to breathe steadily.

"Hey now, it's going to be alright. It's not real; we are just pretendingâ€¦ it's just like playing a gameâ€¦ that's allâ€¦" Jack whispered back, trying to soothe the distraught boy.

Jack slid a hand behind Hiccup's back and held him close, making Hiccup's head lean on his.

"They are not going to bother you now, believe me"

Hiccup turned his head towards Jack and nodded slowly.

"Okayâ€¦ okayâ€¦ I believe you Jackâ€¦ but if it gets worse for me I swearâ€¦"

"It's not going to get worse for you. I told you to believe me"

"Alright. Okay. But just so you know, I have no idea what to do"

Jack smiled gently at Hiccup and kissed him on the forehead.

Hiccup tensed, not really understanding what was going on. Jack's cool lips on his skin sent his nerves haywire, and the feeling of déjà vu took hold of him again.

"Don't worry about it Hic, you'll know when the time comes. Just follow my lead and everything will be fine"

Hiccup swallowed, feeling dizzy and sick. What was going to happen tomorrow? What if his father found out? What would he say?!

"Jack I'm not sure I can do this. I hardly know you! I meanâ€¦ I justâ€¦"

Once again, Jack looked Hiccup dead in the eyes, now gripping the auburn haired boy with two hands on his shoulders.

"Everything is going to be fine."

Hiccup was shaking, not only because of the chain of events that had just happened, but because Jack's embrace was freezing. He didn't understand how he could sleep with the teenager hugging him throughout the night.

"We better get on homeâ€¦" Hiccup stated, removing himself from Jack's embrace.

Jack nodded, standing up with Hiccup, and after Hiccup locked his locker and took out his bag, he took up Hiccup's hand, interlocking it with his.

"I'm still staying over rightâ€¦"

Hiccup couldn't help but smile, even though the feeling of holding hands with Jack was so familiar it basically screamed at him to remember why it felt so familiar, and nodded.

"Yes Jack, yes you are"

* * *

><p>So Jack and Hiccup walked out of school hand in hand.<p>

Stares and gasps followed shortly afterwards from all who saw them.

Girls who had never talked to Hiccup, or didn't even know him

squealed and said how adorable it was, guys would look away, feeling uncomfortable and slightly ashamed that they had bullied a kid who hadn't 'come out of the closet'.

Especially Snotlout. He had friends of his own who was like thatâ€| who swung the other way.

Of course Snotlout and his gang would never, ever apologise, but they wouldn't continue on bullying him eitherâ€| probablyâ€| maybe.

And Hiccup thought to himself, maybe Jack was right, maybe it was going to be alright.

Maybe it was going to be justâ€| fine.

But if it wasn't for those feelings, those thoughts, every time Jack held Hiccup, called him that nickname, planted a light peck on his forehead, or took Hiccups hand in his, he would actually be content. But of course, Hiccup wasn't.

Something nagged at his mind, it had been for the past days, but this time it was worse that it had ever been before. It was as if he needed to remember something he had no idea what to, like when your mind is set on doing something, but then you suddenly forget, and you can never remember again and you get really annoyed that you cannot do so.

That's what Hiccup felt, but ten times worse. And he swore as long as he lived, he was going to find out he needed to remember, even if it would take as long as he lived to do so.

* * *

><p>They walked through the forest surrounding the school now, half way between that hell hole, and Hiccups house.<p>

Hiccup looked up at Jack, who was smiling contently to himself, swinging Hiccups hand in his.

Again, that nagging feeling appeared. It was like Jack had wanted thisâ€|

No, impossibleâ€| it was a spare of the moment thingâ€| wasn't it?

Hiccups mind battled itself, trying to figure out everything that was going on.

"Jackâ€|" Hiccup spoke quietly, stopping in his tracks, snow covering the tops of his boots.

Jack stopped with Hiccup, not letting go of his hand.

>"Hiccup we are not home yet, we have to keep this up for just a few more moments and then you can let go of my hand and we can go back to being what we areâ€| friends"<p>

Jack had a distant, almost disappointed ring to his voice.

"No Jackâ€| I justâ€| I feelâ€| I feel as if I have done this beforeâ€| done it before with youâ€|"

Jack blinked, a mixture of emotions playing across Jacks face, which Hiccup couldn't figure out what Jack was initially feeling.

"Nonsense, we have only just met... remember?"

But Hiccup would swear on his own life, that was far from what Jack really truly wanted to say.

10. Chapter 10

****Hey everyone!****

****So a couple of people wanted me to write this chapter in Jacks point of view****

****and so I did!****

****Tell me if you want me to continue in his point of view, or switch back to Hiccup, or even take it in turns****

****And also, I have no idea how to explain how Jack would create a blizzard sooooo yeaaah...****

****anyway enjoy ~****

**** - Captain****

*** * ***

><p>Jack watched Hiccup flop into his bed, his voice muffled in the creased sheets of it.<p>

He sat on the swivel chair, amusing himself by swinging around slowly.

>"I'm not going to school tomorrow" Hiccup spoke into the sheets.<p>

Jack raised an eyebrow, curious to why Hiccup had said that.

Jack had been staying over at Hiccups house for about a week now, and the only things he had brought was a couple of shirts, a couple of pairs of boxer shorts, and a strange 'shepherds crook' as Hiccup liked to call it. The auburn haired boy questioned Jack on why he brought the staff thing, but Jack just replied with a shrug, and they both left it at that.

"But I have to go don't I" Hiccup continued, the only thing Jack could see of the boy's face was his freckled cheeks, to which he then started to count those freckles out of boredom.

"Unless it was a snow day. Wouldn't that be nice"

It was around ten o'clock pm, and Hiccup had already had a shower and was in his pyjamas, which Jack had stolen once more from the bathroom, and hid them under the pillow.

He found it hilarious, and quite liked to see Hiccup in the 'dripping

wet' look he had named it.

"It's not because of what I did afterschool todayâ€¦ is it Hic?" Jack then asked, and stopped spinning in his chair as he did so.

Hiccup went silent, and if Jack couldn't see Hiccups back move slightly up and down from breathing, it would look as if he was dead.

"Fifty fifty. I've told you I don't know how to deal with this. I mean at home its fine, you know, but at schoolâ€¦ what is everyone going to think?"

"They will not care; didn't you hear all those girls squealing on how cute we are?"

Hiccup sighed, knowing what Jack said was true.

"I still don't want to go. I have a maths exam. I don't even like maths"

Jack shook his head and jumped next to Hiccup from the chair, propping up his elbows for his hands to support his head.

"Come on Hic, let's just see how you feel in the morning"

Hiccup was silent again, but then nodded slowly in reply to Jack.

The auburn haired teenager reached out to turn off the light, and moved himself to sleep on his side, with Jack creeping slowly up behind him, wrapping his arms around Hiccups skinny waist.

Jack breathed in in triumph. Every time he did this, Hiccup would tense, but then relax and either consciously, or subconsciously, Jack didn't really care, snuggle deeper into his stomach, the warmth of Hiccup hitting Jack like a ton of bricks, but he tolerated it.

If only Hiccup knew that that's why he would always take of his jumper and shirt.

Jack never slept, he didn't need to. Jack was a very special being indeed.

He was a three hundred year old being trapped in a seventeen year olds body.

* * *

><p>It was true; Jack wasn't like any other teenager. He was the epitome of winter, hence the name Jack Frost. Immortal and both blessed and cursed for the rest of eternity. Three hundred years of creating blizzards and snow days for the whole world, without the warmth of another soul to comfort himâ€¦<p>

Well, until now... sort of.

Jack also had a nasty habit of talking to Hiccup when he was certain the boy was asleep.

It was the only time he felt he could talk to Hiccup and tell him the truth, hoping it would seep into his subconscious for a rainy day, so to speak. Or maybe even a snowy one.

"I'll give you a snow day Hiccup, you don't have to go to school. You never have to go to school. We could run away, live in the forest. They wouldn't even know. I would protect you" Jack whispered, taking in the very familiar scent of Hiccup, of pine needles and soap.

"I'll give you more than a snow day. I'll give you a blizzard"

Eleven sixteen at night, it had taken Jack a good half an hour to pry his arms from around Hiccup, mostly because he didn't want to let go, and because he didn't want to wake the boy up.

Opening the window from whence he had come in from on that early Sunday morning, he took up his staff, or the shepherds crook, whatever you wanted to call it, and leapt out the window.

Now most people would think that was the most stupid thing anyone could do, but then again, most people wouldn't know a certain trait Jack had. Jack could fly. He could control the wind underneath his feet, ask it to turn him left, turn him right, fly him high and low, fast and slow. And whilst he asked for the wind to do this, he would wave his staff, and create the snow that would start to fall straight afterwards.

But Jack was creating more than a small snow day.

He was creating a blizzard.

"Wind, take me higher!" He called, his grin so wide it was impossible for it to get any bigger.

Jack loved to fly, it was one of the best feelings in the world that, and having Hiccup by his side at night.

Hovering over the town of Berk, Jack sighed, leaning on his staff as if he stood on solid ground. It was breathtaking. From the snow covered buildings, since there was snow still lying around from the last snow fall, just not enough to cancel school, to the snow dusted forest lying just beyond it, an odd house with one or two lights shining through its windows, and nearly every chimney puffing smoke.

But that wasn't taking a joy ride tonight. Tonight Jack was on a mission.

He breathed in, and closed his glacier blue eyes, frowning in deep concentration. He held out his staff and clamped both of his hands onto it tight, mumbling something as he did so.

Wind started to blow around him, and the town, first lightly, and then it grew heavier and heavier. Jack closed his eyes tighter, and his brow tightened as he did so. It took up a lot of strength to create a blizzard, but he was determined to do it. With the wind loud and strong, Jack opened his eyes, and lifted his staff up high above his head, bringing it down fast, letting out a blast of ice and snow,

which was quickly carried off by the steady wind.

Moments later, from behind Jack, who still had his staff in both hands, snow started to come from behind him, coating everything with the white substance. Berk became colder than it already was, and with the gale force winds bringing the snow, it was going to get colder and rougher.

The wind swirled the snowflakes round and round, and Jack told the wind to make extra sure the blizzard hit the school worst of all.

The immortal teen had done his job, and though tired, travelled back slowly to Hiccup.

When he did arrive back home, he realised he had left the window open.

Snow hadn't gotten into the room, well, not much, but that didn't mean the cold hadn't, or the wind.

It seemed that the wind had in fact blown off the doona Hiccup slept under, and the cold had seeped into his very bones.

Jack cursed under his breath, scolding himself for being so stupid. Quickly gliding into the room, Jack locked the window, and dragged the doona over Hiccup, trying to warm the shivering teenager up.

"Sorry about that Hiccup!" Jack whispered an apology, sliding next to Hiccup, not knowing if he should go back to his usual position of holding the boy close to him, or not.

He could only make Hiccup colder anyway. But as Jack tried to get comfortable without Hiccup pressed against his chest, he realised he couldn't do it.

He couldn't sleep without Hiccup in his arms.

"Screw it, if you get a cold I'll deal with it in the morning"

So Jack decided to listen to his heart instead of his head.

* * *

><p>Jack woke up to the sound of someone sneezing uncontrollably.<p>

Hiccup did end up catching a cold.

"M-morning J-jack" Hiccup sniffled, wiping his sore nose.

Jack wanted to hit his head against a wall. After the blizzard he had caused, well, he was still causing, the wind hadn't died down one bit, Hiccup got a cold.

All that work for nothing unless if you think about it, the blizzard did cause Hiccup to catch a cold and Jack did cause the blizzard so technically not all was in vain

"Looks like the gods of pity were shining down on me when I said I didn't want to go to school" Hiccup smiled weakly, though Jack couldn't see it, since Hiccup was lying the other way.

"Yeahâ€¦ godsâ€¦" Jack muttered bitterly.

Both of the teenage boys then laid there in silence. Hiccup was too sick and too tired to tell Jack he should go to school, and Jack was very, very grateful for it.

"Hiccup?" A deep, burly voice then asked behind Hiccups bedroom door.

Jacks eyes went wide, and his whole body froze

Hiccup would have done the same, but he was just way too sick to care.

"Umâ€¦ yes dad?" Hiccup replied, his voice altered by his blocked nose.

"Schools cancelled for the day, there is a massive blizzard going on, so I'll be down stairs in the kitchen if youâ€¦ urâ€¦ you know, need me"

"Okayâ€¦ thanks dad"

Jack let out a relieved breath he had been holding as he heard Hiccups father walk down the stairs with loud and heavy footsteps.

"First I get a cold and now schools cancelled. I could kiss whoever did this" Hiccup joked, laughingâ€¦ well, more like wheezing afterwards

"Well if you say so" Jack whispered, half hoping Hiccup would take him seriously, half hoping he wouldn't.

Hiccup laughed again, shaking his head.

"Ha-ha very funny Jack"

Hiccup hadn't taken it seriously.

_What's so funny about the truth? _Jack thought to himself.

"Hiccup?" Jack whispered, his chin resting on the sick boys shoulder.

No reply.

"Hicâ€¦?"

Still no reply.

Hiccup had fallen asleep once more, breathing heavily because of his blocked nose.

Jack sighed and took one arm off Hiccups waist, lying face up to the

ceiling.

"So closeâ€¦ and yet so far"

He then turned his head to see the back of Hiccups, and sighed once more.

"If only you would remember Hiccupâ€¦ if only you would remember"

11. Chapter 11

****Before I say anything****

****DON'T HURT ME I KNOW I HAVE NOT UPLOADED ANYTHING IN 349878 YEARS
OKAY I'M SORRY****

****I TOLD YOU ALL NOT TO GET USED TO MY CONSTANT UPLOADS BEFORE I
DID****

****but here you all go****

****I feel as if I escalated things quickly but then again I really
don't give a fuck and you all deserve what's coming anyway because I
know what you all secretly want****

****LE SEXY TIME WITH HIC AND JACK****

****anyway you know, enjoy, love you all, and again sorry****

****I am sorry****

****what do you mean you don't believe me. ****

****I AM SORRY OKAY I AM.****

*** * ***

><p>Jack now laid beside Hiccup, his arm crossed, creating a slight cushion behind head. He didn't dare hold onto the boy, now that he was sick, in fear to make him even more so. He didn't like that he couldn't either.<p>

His mind started to wander. It wandered through many landscapes of his own thoughts, some light, some dark, and some confusing. He dwelled for some time on Snotlout, and how the bully reacted to his plan that Hiccup wasn't all for. He knew that Snotlout and his friends would realise that Hiccup is still the same old Hiccup, and go back to bullying him. He was certain, but just for a couple of days at least Hiccup could have a good time at school.

And for at least a couple of days Jack could pretend to have Hiccup and call him his.

Even if to Hiccup it was only an act.

His mind then wandered to the boy, Hiccup. He tilted his head slightly to the side to see Hiccups face , drool running down the corner of his mouth, staining the pillow, his jaw wide, breathing

heavily because of his blocked nose. Jack was annoyed and pleased at himself. He hated how Hiccup was sick, so now instead of being where he wanted to be, outside in the snow, well, when the blizzard dies down anyway, instead of in here, sleeping most of the day away. But he was pleased because he gave what Hiccup wanted, a day off school.

But then again, he was annoyed because he couldn't take the credit for his selfless actions.

"Jack?" Hiccup suddenly spoke up, his voice quiet and sleepy, not to mention as croaky as a bullfrog.

Jack had turned his head back to look up at the ceiling somewhat after looking at Hiccup, so he had not realised the boy had woken up.

"Hey sleepy head, what's up?" Jack turned his head back to Hiccup, feeling a little better now that the Auburn haired boy was awake.

"I don't think I have a cold" He went on, slightly wincing in pain.

"What do you mean?" Jack replied quickly, propping himself up with an elbow.

"I'm pretty sure I have a fever. Am I hot? Because I feel hot"

Jack had to refrain himself from saying a little more than what Hiccup was intending, but he then proceeded to place his palm on Hiccups forehead, frowning as he did so.

"But you were sneezing and coughing" and had a blocked nose a minute ago!"

"I know. It's really weird, but I'm really hot right now, so" you know" maybe since your always so cold" and I'm really comfortable with the doona on" if you don't mind" maybe you could"

Hiccup bit his lip, not knowing how to put his sentence together, but Jack knew exactly what he was asking.
"You don't need to say anything Hic" Jack smiled, wrapping his cold arms around Hiccups warm body.

"Goddammit you're really burning up, you know that?" Jack said, pressing his body firmly onto Hiccup, trying to cool him down.

A sigh of relief passed through Hiccups lips soon after, feeling the effects of Jacks cool body on his own heated one.

"I don't understand how I got a fever, but I prefer it more than when I had a cold" Hiccup stated, though his voice was still slightly altered by his blocked nose.

"Oh? And how so?"

"Because your making me feel better. I don't understand why you are so cold either, but I have decided it definitely has it perks"
Jack grinned to himself, beating himself up less and less as heard those words.

"Wait" how exactly am I making you feel better?" Jack asked, pretending to legitimately not know, although of course he did.

Hiccup went silent, obviously embarrassed.

"You said you already knew!"

>Jack laughed at Hiccup catching himself out.
"Well it was worth a shot" Jack mumbled leaning his forehead on the back of Hiccups head.

As Jack did so, he opened his mouth slightly, letting his cold breath tickle Hiccups skin. With each of those breaths came a shiver from the boy, and made Jack fight the temptation to do more than just breathe on the freckled skin in front of him.

"Jack I'm starting to get warm again" Hiccup whined, closing his eyes, desperately wanting the cold to come back.

>Jack pursed his lips, trying to find think of a way to cool down Hiccup for a little longer.<p>

And then he had it.

"Take off the doona and your shirt."

"Wâ€| what?! No! I'll take of the doona but not my shirt" Hiccup spluttered.

>"Just do it"
"Fine"

>Outside, all Jack showed was minor amusement, and more of a serious look, but on the inside, he was literally shaking with utter victory and excitement. He didn't even care if he couldn't take his own hoodie off, Hiccup was taking his shirt off. _His._

Hiccup kicked off the feather stuffed doona, and Jack released his arms for Hiccup to sit up on the edge of the bed, his back turned to Jack, and legs dangling off it.

As Hiccup lifted the shirt off his torso, Jack swallowed, his eyes taking in the boys freckled skin. Every single bit of it.

>As Hiccup turned around to look at Jack, with a very pronounced frown upon his forehead, Jack smiled slightly.
"There, happy now?"

Jack nodded opening his arms again, indicating for Hiccup to come into them.

"This better work" Hiccup muttered, wriggling into the arms of the spirit.

Jacks arms went tightly around Hiccup, probably the tightest they had ever been.

"Oh don't you worry Hic, it will. Oh it will"

* * *

><p>It hadn't even been five minutes, and Jack wanted to hit his head against a wall. With him in contact with Hiccups skin, more than just the nape of his neck, the accidental brush of his fingers against the boys own, it was a little too much for him to bear.<p>

Jack certainly did not think it through.

Refraining himself from doing more than just holding Hiccup was

harder than he ever thought it would be.

He wasn't sure if Hiccup was asleep or not, but right now Jack didn't care. He felt the boys' stomach rise and fall against his arms, the soft skin of his back against the palms of his hand. It was most definitely too much.

"I give in" Jack murmured, taking one deep breath, before kissing Hiccups shoulder, his lips pressing lightly against them.

Of course, Hiccup was going to ask what Jack was giving into, but the spirit already answered that for him. A small, helpless mew came from his lips soon afterwards. Jack was surprised Hiccup hadn't spun around and slapped him upside the head, and he took advantage of that. Again he pressed his lips against the skin of Hiccups shoulder, and again the same, small noise came from Hiccups lips.

"Jackâ€¦ whatâ€¦ what are you doingâ€¦"

Another kiss came after Hiccups question, this time on the side of his neck.

>"Nothing. Why?"<p>

"Because it doesn't feel like nothing"

"You want me to stopâ€¦ and probably leaveâ€¦ don't youâ€¦" Jack sighed, proceeding to unfurl his arms from Hiccup and get out of the bed.

Before he could though, Hiccup immediately held onto Jacks arms, forcing the spirit to stay.

>"I never said thatâ€¦"<p>

Yet another thing Hiccup did that surprised Jack.

>"You don't want me to leave? Why? I mean it's not a bad thing, not at allâ€¦ but it's just really surprising, mostly because I thought I was stepping over a boundary"
Jack heard Hiccup swallow before the boy turned around in his arms to look Jack in the eyes.

>"So did I. But for some reason, I don't think you didâ€¦"<p>

"Because that makes perfect sense Hic"

Hiccup rolled his eyes, his hands pressing against Jacks stomach.

>"No I'm serious Jack. I thought you, you know, kissing me would be stepping over a boundaryâ€¦ but it just doesn't feel like it. It feelsâ€¦ well to tell you the truth, it feels familiar. Ever since you have entered my life you have felt familiar"<p>

The words Hiccup spoke were like a cannonball to the gut. He was overexcited, and utterly lost.

This was everything Jack didn't expect.

"I don't know how to say itâ€¦ butâ€¦ I guessâ€¦"

Jack wanted to say he knew what Hiccup wanted to say, but he wouldn't. He needed to hear those words from Hiccup himself.

Jack's eyes bore into Hiccups, compelling the Auburn haired boy to speak his mind.

>"I guess what I'm trying to say is, after those few kissesâ€¦ actually, after you stopped Snotlout from bullying me, or more like punching, I have felt drawn to youâ€¦ andâ€¦"
Jack wouldn't take his eyes off Hiccup. What Hiccup was saying was basically everything Jack was hoping he would; only he was expecting Hiccup to say it in years to come, not just weeks.

"â€¦ and I have been fighting with myself for a bit. But what I'm trying to say is that we don't..."

Hiccup closed his eyes and breathed in, bracing himself for the words to come.

"We don't have to pretend. I don't want to pretend."

And just like that, Jack's eyes filled to the brim with salty tears, and he desperately tried to contain them.

"So you're saying that we can actually have aâ€¦ real relationship?" Jack asked, wanting to make sure he understood Hiccup clearly.

Hiccup then looked away, blushing, but he nodded slowly in reply.

Jack squeezed Hiccup so hard that he was sure he nearly suffocated the poor boy.

Hiccup removed his arms from the inside of the embrace, and held onto Jack.

>Hiccup had never hugged Jack like this, and Jack literally thought this day couldn't get any better.<p>

Hiccup then looked up at Jack, and smiled softly.

>"If a woman is warmth, and a man is cold, then I think I love the frostiest guy of them all"<p>

And just like that, Jack Frost, a being which some said had a heart of pure ice, felt like he had melted.

12. Chapter 12

****Hey everyone ****

****Bit of a short chapter this one, but I kinda needed to end it as I did to give the next chapter it's FULL EFFECT MWAHAHAH****

****anyway enjoy my lovelies ~****

*** * ***

><p>The two boys, one white haired, one auburn, stayed in the position of one in the other's arms for more than a lengthy amount of time. Jack's need to kiss Hiccup had died down since Hiccup declared they could have a real relationship, and for most of the time that he laid on Hiccups bed, with the very same boy in his arms, he was thinking about what had just happened.<p>

"Hiccup?" Jack asked kindly, but quietly.

"Hm?" Hiccup replied, the sound of his voice sleepy and content.

"How did you know I wanted to have a relationship with you?"

Hiccup didn't reply straight away, but he wasn't embarrassed or shy, or at least Jack didn't think so.

"Wellâ€¦ you were the one who suggested having a 'real fake relationship'. It was a little obvious now I think about it"

All Jack did was chuckle under his breath. The feeling of knowing, just knowing, Hiccup was his, that he could call the boy his own, was nearly, nearly, too much for the spirit to bear.

Not only that, now that he was in a relationship with Hiccup, he felt a little compelled to tell him who he truly was, an immortal being of winter.

But then again, he felt compelled to tell him a little more than that anyway.

"You know Jack, I feel as if a whole lot of weight has suddenly been lifted off my shoulders" Hiccup continued, his eyes closed, and slightly nuzzling into Jack arm around his neck.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't really knowâ€¦ you know I don't really know about a lot of things when I'm with you. It's really strange"

It was Jack's turn not to say anything. In truth he didn't know what to say, so he hoped Hiccup would just continue his little story.

"Not only do I not know things, those things feel so familiar! I'm not sure if this is what a relationship, or, hell, love is supposed to feel like, but it's a very new experienceâ€¦ even if I felt as if I've done it before"

Again Jack didn't say anything; a slightly awkward silence filled the air.

"Do you still feel sick Hic?" Jack suddenly asked, changing the topic.

Hiccup nodded in reply, his eyes still closed.

"Then sleep. I'll still be here when you wake up, like always"

Hiccup smiled, snuggling into Jack one last time, before finally, and quickly, dosing off into a deep sleep.

* * *

><p>Day slowly turned to night, and Hiccup still was fast asleep.

Jack nodded off to sleep once or twice as he laid there with Hiccup. The spirit did start to get restless, after all, lying this long with Hiccup, nearly a full day, was hard on him.<p>

"I'll be back Hic" Jack whispered, not expecting a reply.

And he didn't get one either.

>Carefully, Jack unwrapped his arms around Hiccup, hoping that his absence wouldn't be noticed, especially with Hiccups fever and all.<p>

After getting out of the bed slowly, and grabbing his staff, Jack leapt once again out of the boys' bedroom window, and into the night sky.

* * *

><p>The winter wind was cold, but gentle. It seemed the blizzard had finally died down, covering the town of Berk in a thick blanket of white snow. Jack had to admit, he was happy with his work, even if it was by accident. Zipping around cars, around corners, zooming up the sides of buildings and fences made Jack full of adrenalin, and instead of tiring the boy, it gave him more energy than ever. He did stop for a while though, on top of the tallest building on Berk, which was only ten or so stories high. The flat roof of the office block was covered in a thick layer of snow, and his toes wriggled in its icy texture.<p>

Too bad his excited feeling turned to cold hard gut wrenching fear as a familiar voice suddenly spoke.

"Hello Jack, miss me?"

Jack spun around, gripping his staff so hard it actually started to burn. In front of the white haired boy, stood the one thing he did not want to see.

"Pitch" He hissed, his mind screaming at him to just blast the being with a shot of ice.

The Nightmare King smiled slyly, his hands behind his back, obviously content.

"Relax Jacky boy, I'm not here to hurt youâ€| well with my nightmare sand anyway"

Jack gritted his teeth, his eyes alit withâ€| not hatredâ€| but cautiousness and even a little fear.

"How's your new toy going? Wellâ€| technically it's not a new toy, since you've had it before. Let me rephrase it. How's your long lost toy going? Is he well?" Pitch asked, chuckling at himself.

"Shut up Pitch, you have no right to be here"

"Oh I have every right. It's a free country. But you haven't answered my question, have you?"

"He's doing just fine Pitch"

"Does he remember?"

"Remember what?"

Pitch just laughed again, shaking his head.

"Don't play that card Jack, you know exactly what I'm asking. Does heâ€| _remember _you?"

You would think that Jack's hands couldn't get any tighter on his staff, but they did, and oh how the staff itself burned into them.

"No he does not"

"Do you plan on telling him?"

"Maybe"

"Tsk Tsk Jack, you have to tell him sometime. Oh I knowâ€| how about I tell him?" Pitch suggested with his voice full of dark humour.

"How about no" Jack spat back, his eye twitching as he did so.

"Well you might want to do it soon, or I'll just do it anyway. You don't want him to not believe in you for yet a second time, do you?"

That was it, Jack had enough, straight after Pitch finished his sentence, the spirit blasted a jet of ice towards the Nightmare King, but before the blast could even touch the dark being, he vanished, leaving not a trace in sight.

Jack breathed heavily, his mind going over what had just happened.

And then he thought of Hiccup all alone in his room.

>"I've got to get back to Hiccup"<p>

* * *

><p>Jack had been full of adrenaline once again, but it wasn't the exhilarating type, it was the adrenaline that was influenced by fear. Not fear for himself, fear for Hiccup. Nearly crashing through the window, which he didn't closeâ€| again, he dropped his staff carelessly onto the floor and scrambled onto the bed. Hiccup was still asleep, well, he was asleep, the amount of noise Jack had made was rousing the boy.

"Hiccup, Hiccup wake up" Jack whispered a little harshly, shaking Hiccup by the arm.

>Hiccup groaned and rubbed his eyes, the teenager half asleep.<p>

"Hiccup are you okay?!"

Hiccup sat up slowly, his back against the bed frame.

"Yes I'm fine why" Hiccup replied a little grumpily.

"Oh thank god" Jack sighed in relief, pulling Hiccup into a strong and tight hug.

At first Hiccup was going to retaliate, say he needed to get some sleep, but Jack had actually been worried about Hiccup, like, really, really worried, and besides, the strong hug wasn't all that bad. Actually it made Hiccups heart flutter in all truth.

"Seriously Jack why wouldn't I be okay?" Hiccup asked, wanting to know why Jack was so worried.

Jack then let go of Hiccup, and shook his head.

"It doesn't matter, I just needed to know that you were fine"

Hiccup then frowned, annoyed at Jacks answer.

"No Jack, tell me"

Jack looked down now, at his hands that lay limp on top of his crossed legs.

"Iâ€¦ I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand"

"Try me"

All Jack did was shake his head.

>"I wish I could tell you Hiccup I do, but notâ€¦ not just yet. Just trust me. Please"<p>

Hiccup sighed, still annoyed, but nodded.

"Fine. You better tell me one day though"

"I will don't worry I will"

With one last sigh, Hiccup slid back down into the covers of his bed, his back to Jack. Jack started to slide his arms around Hiccup, but to Jack's surprise, Hiccup flicked his hands away.

"Oh no you don't. You don't tell me what's wrong, no way you're getting to hold me tonight"

Jacks jaw dropped, not expecting that at all.

"Butâ€¦ but I can't sleep if I don't!"

"Then you should have thought about that yourself Mr. I can't tell you just yet"

"Fine. Whatever. I don't care"

"Yes you do"

"Just shut up and go to sleep"

Jack felt as if his emotions where having a civil war inside of him. He was relieved Hiccup was okay, upset that he couldn't tell his love everything he wanted to, and annoyed because he wanted to hold that

stubborn boy.

"Can I at least hold your hand" Jack said grumpily, as if it was a hassle to ask Hiccup so.

No reply came from the boy straight away, but soon afterwards Hiccups hand moved from underneath his side, and open for Jack to grasp.

>Jack looked down, and didn't move for a minute or two, but just as Hiccup eventually gave him his hand, Jack eventually took it in his, and sighed a little.<p>

It was better than nothing at all.

End
file.